

K. R., W. 1921

THE
ADDRESS
OF
ADDRESSES
TO THE
CITIZENS of DUBLIN,

FOR and AGAINST
MR. CHARLES LUCAS

WONDERFUL MERITS

WONDERFUL MR. LUCAS

Argued Pro and Con.

By a MECHANICK and BROTHER FAIRMAN.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED in the Year, MDCCLXXI.



The Addressee's Caveat.

LEST any of my good Brethren should take it, that I rise a Peg above myself, as a Mechanick, in some Parts of the following ADDRESS, I chuse to tell them once for all, that for many Years past I have had a Trick of dipping into every English Book (History especially) that came in my way, whether I understood it or not.



DUBLIN.

PRINTED in the Year, MDCCLXXIII.

**THE
ADDRESSES
OF
ADDRESSES
TO THE
Citizens of DUBLIN, &c.**

Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

HON.

**My Friends, Brethren, Fellow Country-Men, and
Fellow-Citizens,**

HAVING had the Name of *Lucas*
rung in my Ears for a Series of Years
past, but upon the present important
Occasion especially being quite deafened with
it every where, as if there was not another Name
in the Kingdom worth being brought upon the
Carpenter's

* For my Motto I am obliged to a good kind of a Man,
the Curate of our Parish. I took his Word for the Pertinence of it in the general, without troubling my Head any farther about it.

Carpet, I at last came to the Resolution of laying myself out to know and be thorowly informed concerning this same renowned Mr. *Lucas*, and, betwixt his Friends and Foes, (for Foes, I find, he has) have made such essential Discoveries of his Virtues, Vices, Vanities, Parts, Passions, Accomplishments, Whims, Follies, Foibles, Absurdities, and so forth, that I cannot resist the Temptation of being Impertinent enough to tell you — under the Rose, what I think of the Man, and his Pretensions to that Honour, for which he has been so very hardy as to declare himself a Candidate.

He has (I am aware) several Competitors to deal with. And I protest I know nothing to the contrary, but that they are, every one, Men of Worth, Fortune, Family, Capacity, Education, and all that. I know nothing to the contrary, but that every or any Man of them would make a good Figure in our House of Commons. But they will be so good as to excuse me, if I cannot afford to say any thing farther of them at present. *Charles Lucas* I have pitched upon for the Heroe of this Tale. And to *Charles Lucas* I Dedicate the remainder of my Paper.

I should be thought a very ill-bred Mortal, little acquainted with the World or Human Kind, if I did not begin with the Man's Fortune. But, so that this Article lead the Van, it is not an Halfpenny matter in what Order other Things follow after, or whether other Things follow after at all or not. *I find*

the name of our Heroe, I look'd upon it as a piece of good luck, without troubling my Head any further about it.

I find it then given on all Hands against Mr. Lucas, by Friends, Foes, and Neuters, that, tho' he by no means wants a Neighbour's Share (I might say, five Neighbours Shares) of decent Pride, yet withal he is far, very far, from being Purse-Proud. And, 'Faith, if the tenth Part of what his Partizans say of him be true, the greater is the Pity, and the greater the Loss to both You and Me, whether we feel it Sensibly or not. But indeed we are not to build much upon what a Man's Friends say for him. Friends are very apt to strain Points in one another's Favour. What weighs a great deal more with Me is, that his very Enemies (to their deathless Praile be it spoken) are generous enough to have good Wishes for the Man, to discover an unfeigned Concern for the Welfare of him and his Family, and have not been wanting in their kind Admonitions from Time to Time (Heaven's Blessing attend their Humanity) to put him into the most rational Way in the World of making his Fortune, namely, that of minding and confining himself to his own Business. But, it seems, he has always been a Wayward, Restive, Unadvisable sort of a Fellow, and (let Friends or Foes take it as they please) he would at any Time suffer five Guineas worth of his own Drugs to boil over about the House, rather than see you or me or any, the least of his Fellow-Creatures, perish for Want of what Assistance he could give. Nay, though the Man's Cry is all for Liberty, though he acknowledges (as far as Words can go) that we are as much Free Men,
and

and Free Agents too, as himself; yet, if you or I, taking it in our Noddles to be out of Humour with the World, should determine to drown ourselves out of Revenge, this busy meddling Devil of a Fellow (could ye believe it?) would do all that in him lay, employing even Violence, if other Arguments should Fail, to save our Lives absolutely against our Will and Liking, if not to the utter Subversion of our Liberty, at least to a Suspension of it for that Time. But, as there are such Oddities and Contradictions as his warmest Friends cannot have the Face to go about to Reconcile or Justify, I shall Dismiss them.

THE main Question is, *how his Poverty unqualifies him for a Seat in Parliament?* Every Body of common Sense knows the Answer, and the only possible Answer that common Sense can suggest. *There is a greater Likelihood of a poor Man's being accessible to Bribery and Corruption than a Rich.* This Reflection is in the General certainly well-grounded, and deserves our most serious Attention. And therefore (where there was an Equality among our Candidates in other Respects) I should with all my Soul approve of chusing for our Representative the Man of Superior Fortune. Though, by the Bye, Fortune itself is not always found an impregnable Bulwark against the Artillery of Corruption; since, even in these our Days of Virtue, there occur some very few Instances now and then of People in tolerably easy Circumstances, who (the more Shame for them) suffer themselves

selves to be Corrupted. Much would often have more.

BUT it Mr. Lucas is incorruptible, the Objection (so far as it concerns him) falls to the Ground. *There are some People of Opinion that every Man is venal, and that it is only coming up to his Price and he is ours.* I think so well of the Age it is our Happiness to live in, that I can not allow it to be from our general Practice they draw this Conclusion. To judge of Mankind these degenerate Miscreants look no farther than their own naughty rotten Hearts. But as Folks of this Class are very few and singular in their Sentiments, I shall make no Account of them, I appeal to the Opinion of the honest-hearted, well-meaning Many. And that I find so firmly established in Mr. Lucas's Favour, that, if I were a Man in Power, and had Occasion for his Concurrence in the Conduct of any dirty Jobb, I had as lief take a Wolf by the Beard, shake Hands with a Lion, or kiss the Devil through a Grape, as propose any Thing to him directly or indirectly in the way of Byassing or perverting his Judgment. And I here leave this seasonable Caution to any of my Friends, who are, or hereafter may be, Men in Power, at their Peril not to offer at tampering with this intractable unfamed Savage (I can call him no better,) if ever he should come into Parliament. If Tongue, Pen, Ink, and Paper, ever blasted mortal Man, woe would be to the Corruptor; ay, though he were a crown'd Head; if we may dare to suppose

pose that ever the Lord's Anointed descended to any Office so low.

There is an eminent Man indeed still in Being, who, after twenty Years Bellowing against an Administration, was hush'd at long run by having a Feather stuck in his Cap. *Perhaps some Time or other we may find our selves as much disappointed in Mr. Lucas, as our very especial Neighbours of E——d were in their worthy Patriot.* It is every bit as easy to say, perhaps not. But the Truth, I understand, is, though absolute certainty we cannot have in any such Case, we have all the Reason we can possibly expect to think our selves secure in Mr. Lucas's Steadiness and Consistency with himself. And it will be then soon enough to strike him out of the List of Patriots, if ever we perceive he begins to hang an ———.

THERE is one Circumstance, which, as I would be thought very impartial, I cannot omit, however it may prejudice Mr. Lucas's Interest among our Corporations. The Man, with regard to his own Eating and Drinking, is so confoundedly abstemious, that, what would no more than barely purchase one elegant Meal for many a fine Man, would support him half a Year. It is not such Living as this that keeps up the Credit of our Markets or makes our Brother-Citizens Pots boil brown. I see all your Hands rais'd to express your Astonishment and want of Faith at the same Time: But what I tell you is as true as it is strange. And that it is so, I could soon convince you (if I pleas'd) by producing to you his

his Bill of Fare for a Week together, and a Jubilee Week too, which cost me some Trouble to come at: But I shall not expose the Man any farther on this Head. However, to do every Body common Justice, I do not find but that he is a good Fellow all the while in his own House, and gives other Folks Toleration to Eat and Drink comfortably, at the same Time that he is only a Spectator. and I am told too he shall be in as high Spirits, as easy, affable, facetious, and entertaining as any boon Companion about the Board. After all there is this Good resulting from his Temperance, that his Belly at least is never likely to become a Snare to him.

But, if Mr. Lucas were a Member of Parliament, how should we contrive to have him carried to the Parliament-House, and brought home again to his own House on Ormond-Quay? 'Faith, I would leave that to his own Discretion. As the Case is, he is often obliged to take a Chair or Coach. And (if People know him right) he would as little grudge that Expence in the Service of his Country as in that of himself and his Family. Then, as often as the Gout would give him leave, I am persuaded no Man of Sense would think the more meanly of him, for his travelling as far as King William on Horseback upon his own Shanks.

There are some People, who speak of a Subscription, to be set on Foot, for enabling Mr. Lucas to support the Dignity of a Member of Parliament, in case he should be elected. I do not relish this Project

ject by any means, and am sorry to hear of its being so much as mentioned. It would be an ugly Precedent. We are told there have been such Things in the Days of Yore, as appointments given to Members of Parliament by their Constituents. But the World was then more Mercenary than it is now, and the Folks of those Times (it seems) would not serve their Country, more than they would their God, for Nought. Blessed Change! Generosity and Disinterestedness are now so much more in Vogue, that our Representatives, instead of taking any Thing from us (their Owners) for doing the Business of the Publick, give us some small matter now and then to encourage and help out our Industry. Far be it from us to revive any antiquated Custom to Ourselves, and to damp such a noble Spirit of Liberality, as possesses the Gentlemen of our own Days. So let there not be a Word more of this. If we were once to give our Countenance to such an Innovation (I was going to call it, Renovation,) it is not easy to say where it should end. We might perhaps find in the House of Commons more Paupers ——— when all their Debts were paid, than we are yet aware of. As for supporting the Dignity of a Senator, trust that to Mr. Lucas's self. So long as the Gout keeps out of his Tongue and Fingers, never fear for him.

But what sort of singular Mortal are we to think this Mr. Lucas? Has he not Wants to be supplied, and Passions to gratify as well as other Men? Ay, he has more Wants than any Man I hear of; not

a great

a great many indeed properly his own; but he adopts your Wants, my Wants, and every Body's Wants, and makes them his own; and has laid it down as an indispensable Rule to himself never to take Rest, while we have one real rational Want unsatisfied, though at the Risque (at the Expence, rather) of every private Enjoyment in Life, that your Dons of more Prudence, Policy, and Phlegm, hold justly dear.

As to his Passions, I have by a good deal of Enquiry, together with my own great Penetration, found out one, and that the Leading, it not the only, one he has. I shall tell you what it is. A most voracious Appetite for Fame. But (I cannot for my Soul help Sneering) he is whimsically silly enough to think that Fame is to be acquired by the Practice of Virtue, Honour, Publick Spirit, and other the like obsolete idle Things, which (perhaps) never had any Existence, but in the heated Imagination of some such Hercules (I was within Ambts-Ace of saying, some such *Don Quixote*) as himself. To say it here among ourselves however, it is lucky enough for us, that an Hunger of Fame should be our Man's predominant Passion. In the first Place we can afford him Fame, his Belly full, without being a Penny out of Pocket by it. Then it gives us such an Hold of the Fellow, that the Devil ha' Body can take him out of our Hands. This is the Price on Earth he is purchasable at. And this is a Price, that we, or some Body of People like us, only can give. His Majesty (God bless him,) may give a Title of

of Honour, and a Minister of State may throw a good Share of the Wealth of a Nation into the Hands of a favourite Tool; but (I say it again) neither the one nor the other can confer Fame. Their Man of Riches and Titles may after all be but a Wealthy or Right Honourable infamous Scoundrel. *I know you cannot well conceive or digest this, because, in these our happy Times, you do not easily (perhaps not at all) find an Instance of the Kind I am talking of.* But, by carrying you some Ages back, when the World was much worse than it is now, it were no hard Matter to point out to you in our Chronicles, Records, Histories, &c. many such Instances. *If your Curiosity would lead you to Enquire, how it happens at this Day, that Fame in every Instance waits upon Wealth and Titles, as their Hand-maid, I can tell you that too.* No Man now is dragged out of Obscurity, and set above his Fellows, but for his personal Worth and Abilities. And such a Man must always command our Approbation, Esteem, and good Word. And these are the Ingredients of true Fame. In short, the Court and we act in Concert; we go Hand in Hand in the Choice of our Favourites. And consequently the Persons, the Court and we together unanimously fix upon, cannot fail of enjoying every Mark of Favour and Distinction, that it is in the Power of Human Kind to bestow. But still the Right of Nomination to Fame is in us, and has ever been in the People since the sucking Days of Adam, our great Grand-Pappa. The worst of Tyrants have never been able to wrest this Privilege

vilege out of our Hands ; though they have sometimes carried their Usurpations so far, as to leave us nothing but this itself, wherewithal to reward our faithful Servants. And in Troth it is so empty barren a Reward (though for the World I would not have it thought so by such People as *Lucas*,) that, taking one Century with another since the Beginning of Time, at an Average there has not been above two or three wrong-headed Fools found in an Age, who were willing to do our Drudgery, to forfeit their Ease, to sacrifice their Personal and their Family Interests, and to spend their Vitals in our Service, for such beggarly Wages. My Brethren then, having lit upon a Fellow of this queer unfashionable Cast, (confound him) let us make a Property of him. Let us find Food (it costs us little) for his darling Passion, while we laugh in our Sleeve at him for a Madman. Let him be as restless as he will, while he is procuring our Rest. Such a Dragon waking for us, we may Sleep.

When I come to think of Mr. *Lucas's* Family, I own I am a good deal Staggered. To tell you the Truth, I am neither Herald nor Genealogist, to speak of. It has indeed been whisper'd to me by a Friend, that he has a Game-Cock for his Crest. This Distinction some Ages ago might have been (it is true) the Earning of some one of his Ancestors (an Heroic, Battling, Bullying Blade like *Lucas's* self;) and so, descending from Father to Son, might have come at last to him. But, betwixt ourselves, this fighting high-spirited Animal is so exact an Emblem

Emblem of the Fellow's own personal Intrepidity and Resolution, that I am tempted to suspect he has assumed the Crest without an Hereditary Right to it. If he were capable of such a disingenuous Theft, I would never trust him after it. And I should think it very Expedient, that we sent a Deputation to his Majesty at Arms, 'Squire *Hawkins*, to examine into this Affair, and have him detected in Time, before we go to put any farther Confidence in him. I had almost forgot to tell you the Colour of the Cock. He is white. Those Mysterious Gentry, the Heralds, would call him in their Gibberish a Cock Argent. But we plain Folks are for plain English. Therefore a white Cock he must be, and shall be. Now may there not be Meaning pickt out of this same Colour? Might it not be intended as an Intimation to us of the Man's Innocence and Integrity? But we are not to be Gull'd by Pretences or Appearances neither. There we beg his Pardon. The Proof of the Pudding is the Eating of it. Every Man is honest till he is caught playing the Rogue. And perhaps Mr. *Lucas* does not think his Time come for pulling off the Mask, and letting the World see that he is as selfish, Mercenary, and Corrupt, as many of his Betters and Neighbours. In the mean while, we may safely affirm thus much. If he is a Canary at Bottom, he can neither be the Fool nor Madman, we by turns suppose him. He must be the most dextrous Impostor, that ever put his Finger in the Eye of the Publick. There are Numbers of honest,
well-

well-designing People, as well as I, at Work to find him out; and egad I think, among us all, we could hardly fail to catch him tripping in his Conduct, if his Intention was not much sounder than his Limbs.

BUT I should have been talking, for three Minutes past, of my Heroe's Pedigree. Now, as this is a Subject I do not know much about, I find myself obliged, with your Leave and Patience, to take two or three Things for granted. And, upon these Concessions (if Nobody interrupt me) I shall Reason afterwards in the best manner I can.

IN the first place I shall take it for granted, Mr. Lucas had a Father and Mother. I know this Position may seem to want Proofs, which I shall really muster together for you at another Time. But, as I have them not at Hand at this present Writing, I beg I may be permitted to proceed. Denying me this, you will put me quite out of my Story.

IN the next place I shall take it for granted, that Mr. Lucas's Father and Mother were lineally descended from Adam and Eve. We need not hesitate very much at admitting this, since we all have some slender Authority for believing that the whole World was peopled from the same Original Pair.

IN the last place, on the Comparison of Mr. Lucas's Descent with that of the Bourbon's, Nassau's, or any other Princely or Royal Family in Europe (the House of Hanover excepted,) I shall take

take it for granted, that it is not yet evident to a Demonstration, whether he or the present living Supports of those illustrious Families are farthest removed from Adam and Eve. This Position is liable to great Uncertainty. And therefore as soon as any Connoisseur in Genealogy shall shew me, by making out Mr. Lucas's Pedigree together with any other Man's he pleases to pitch upon, that I am mistaken; I shall retract with great Readiness what I have here advanced.

If the above Positions are allowed me, how can any Body say, that Mr. Lucas is not a Man of Family? *Puh! That is not what is meant in the World by Family.* Puh! I say too. But it is what you and I ought to mean by Family. Let us not be any longer bubbled into mistaken Notions of Family by People who have an Interest in letting us astray. There are some Folks, I assure you, (though you will scarce believe it) that do not allow you or me or one of us, any more than they do Mr. Lucas, to be a Man of Family or a Gentleman, or even of the same Flesh and Blood with themselves. But in spite of their Teeth, we are and will be Gentlemen if we please, and that is, if we act like Free-Men. For a Free-Man is a Gentleman. I had it from a Man of acknowledg'd Learning and Veracity, that I did some Work for in the College, that, in all the Greek and Latin Books he ever read, a Free-Man and a Gentleman always signified the same Thing. This was an
amazing

amazing Discovery to me, and is the same to you no doubt. But there are Uses to be made of the Discovery. We are to raise our Crests upon it, to exert ourselves in the Cause of Liberty, to assert our Freedom and Independency, and we shall be treated like Gentlemen, no Thanks to any body. If we ever fall into Contempt, we must bring it upon ourselves.

We have too long paid Adoration to what the World calls Family. We have often idoliz'd a Man for no better Reasons, than because he was the Son, Grandson, &c. of great Personages, and drove about from Place to Place (as if he would kick the World before him) in his Sedan or Berlin; while we, poor Pill-Garlicks, were obliged to take the Kennel, and give his very Chairmen (intolent Vermin) the Wall, or to skulk under a Penthouse, if it was our good Fortune to be near enough to one, to avoid being run over by his pamper'd Coachman, who would make no more of snapping in twain a Leg or an Arm to any one of us, than he would of cracking a Marrow-bone. And yet sometimes, if this God of ours, this Man of Family, had Justice tipp'd him, his Vehicle would be a Cart, his Retinue the Sheriffs of the City and their Myrmidons.

Let us at long run break the Ice, or the Charm, if ye will. Let those People see for once, that a Man (they call a Plebeian) is as capable as willing to represent us, and to do our Business. Let us make the Trial whether our Man cannot Speak as well in the Gr — C — I

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of

of the N——n, as in the Memory of us all he did in our Common-Council. We know full well that Snotty-nos'd Boys, Pert Cox-combs, or Drivelling Old Women were never admitted into that August Assembly. We grant they are all choice Spirits that compose that Honourable H——. Yet, all this notwithstanding, I shall venture my whole Stock of Tools upon it, we can match them in a Cock of our own.

THERE is one great Obstacle in the Way, which for my Lugs I would not venture to mention at a Time when the —— was sitting. A Word in your Ear. Our H—— of —— for a Century past have piqued themselves upon admitting none into their Corps but People of Family (in the Vulgar Acceptation of the Word) and Fortune; so that at this Day the D—— I fire the Mother's Son has a Seat in ——, who is not the Child, Grand-Child, and Great Grand-Child of Men, who were in their several Generations all M——rs of —— . At this Rate a Seat in —— is become an Inheritance, and we and ours to the End of the Chapter are effectually excluded from the very Hopes of ever having a Share in the L——re, otherwise than at Second Hand. Now it is very hard if some of us, by our Frugality and honest Industry attended with Success in our Affairs, might not now and then raise a Fortune. And, in such a Case, I should think it still harder, that, for want of Blood indeed, and because we were New-men, that is (in Vulgar English) Upstarts, neither we nor ours to the tenth Generation should ever be

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deem'd qualified to herd with Gentlemen, or so much as to loll on the same Bench among them. I am afraid to speak out the Truth, and yet I must. The Thing is an Ulurpation, arrant Tyranny. I acknowledge it is the only Objection we have to our present worthy H—— of ———. But, taking all the other Good they do us (which is an immense Deal, God knows) into the Account, yet I cannot compound the Matter, and wink at the one for the Sake of the other. I have some Ambition and some Hopes. Though I am a Tradesman (saving your Favour) myself, yet my Son's Son may be a Man of Fortune, and may inherit some share of his Grandfire's Spirit and Genius (for some, I imagine, I have) as well as his Earnings. And, if I may not aspire to sit in ——— in my own proper Person, yet I would be willing to flatter myself with the Prospect of sitting there in my Grandson. Nay, I fancy it would be hard to assign a very good Reason, why a Tradesman himself might not sit in ———, so that he did not want personal Qualifications for the Seat. And upon due Enquiry I am certain we shall find, that, before the Commencement of this Ulurpation I am complaining of, Men of all Sorts and Sizes have been admitted into ———, Men, whose Fathers and Grand-Fathers and Great Grand-Fathers had so little Pretension to sit in a S—— H——, that we would have thought it a Disparagement to us, to have given them the Freedom of our City.

I remember to have read the History of a certain Reign, in which one *Timothy Caper Esqr;*

a Dancing-Master, was call'd up to the——
 of C—— from a Publick S——e in Town. I
 really forget how many Centuries ago it was,
 when this memorable Event happen'd. But
 happen it did, nor will you think it so very
 strange, when you are told, how useful this ac-
 complish'd Person was among them in those
 Days. There were many of the M——rs meer
 lubberly Clowns, though at the same Time
 brave, honest, sensible Fellows, from several re-
 mote Parts of the Kingdom, sent up to P—— hot
 from the Spade, the Cart, and the Plough, such
 other Louts as * *Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus*, the
 famous Roman Dictator. And this Mr. Caper's
 principal Business was to teach the Country M——rs
 how to make their Honours, and bow *a la mode*
de Paris to the C——r. It was however very
 remarkable of this Gentleman, being excessive-
 ly Modest, that, though he had been much ac-
 customed to and had often acquitted himself with
 surprizing Agility before numerous Assemblies,
 yet he was so confounded on his first Introduc-
 tion to the H——, that, if two H—— M——rs
 had not had the Goodness and Condescension
 (may such Evangelical Poverty of Spirit not
 miss of its Reward here or hereafter) to support
 him one under each Arm, his before faithful
 Limbs

* I have met with the Account of this Illustrious Plough-
 man, Senator, Supreme Magistrate, and Military Com-
 mander, in a History of the Roman Republick.

Limbs must have left him in the Lurch at this most important Conjunction.

But what is the Story of Mr. Caper to our present Purpose? Why, I imagine if we could bring back those sweet Times again, a Man's being a Tradesman would be no Objection to his coming into —. The Danger, in that Case, would rather be, that a reputable Tradesman, whether ¶ Apothecary, Ironmonger, or even Blacksmith, might be saucy enough to think himself somewhat too good for such Company.

As to the Knowledge of the Constitution both of our Country and our City, that I think a Matter of such Consequence, that I would have a publick Examination appointed at the Tholsel, to last some Hours every Day for a Week; which Ordeal Trial every Man should pass through, before he should be deemed a Candidate. The Recorder of the City should be the Examiner, and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common-Council, to a Man, Witnesses at least, if not Judges. But Mr. Lucas, of all Men, I would have tightly sifted (as one considerable Branch of his Merit is reckon'd to consist in this;) unless Mr. Recorder with his own Mouth should give the strongest Assurance, that

¶ If any should hereafter doubt, whether an Apothecary is a Tradesman or not, my Friend, the Curate, desired, I might recommend it to them to look out the Word, Pharmacopoeus, in a Dictionary.

that he was already entirely satisfied of the Extent and Sufficiency of Mr. *Lucas's* Knowledge and Abilities. † It is not the Figure of a Man we want in the House, to be stuck up like a Statue in a Niche; nor a supple cringing mealy-mouth'd fine Gentleman, whose Complaisance and good Breeding would not suffer him to contradict his Superiors; nor a Man too much Master of the Business of Bartering, who would make no Bones of catching at a profitable Bargain, if such a Thing came in his Way. Nor do we want a Man, who could hold forth, for an Hour at a Stretch, with so much damn'd Subtilty and unfathomable Address, that when he had done, not one among us would be able to tell, what on Earth he had been driving at all the while. The Man for our Money is the Man who can Speak; and can Speak to the Purpose, and to be Understood; who dare Speak, and would Speak if the Devil stood at the Door? Who would not be bribed to hold his Tongue, where Duty called for his Opinion and Voice, by all that the *Sophi of Persia* or *Mogul of the Indies* have in their Power to bestow.

I own we had many substantial Reasons for extolling

† Left any Body (as if knowing my Mind better than I myself do) should go to apply for me what I say in this and the following Period; I solemnly declare beforehand, I have no particular Person or Persons, living, in my Eye or Thoughts. Then, may one say, the Periods are idle in this Place. So let them be. I am contented.

tolling, as we did, the Immortal *French*. But at this Day we have the Man standing (as well as he can) among us, whom I would venture to put in a Scale against three *French*'s, if there are three (even) *French*'s to be found in our whole Kingdom. *French*, as an impartial, upright, indefatigable Magistrate, was second to None. But we have little recorded of him, as a Member of Parliament.

YET I have a Crow still to pluck with our Friend *Lucas*. I have read in *Plutarch*'s Lives, which I have just now at my House, • the History of a crusty snarling antient *Roman*, called *Cato* the Censor. Now Mr. *Lucas* is in so many Respects (in all, I will not say) the very Counterpart of this reforming factious turbulent old Fellow, that, if there could be any Truth in † the Doctrine, which Scholars (I am told) call the Transmigration of Souls, I should not scruple Affirming, ay Swearing, that *Cato*'s Soul had passed into *Lucas*'s Body. But I believe, as Christians, we cannot reconcile such an Opinion to our Consciences. Be that as it will, this *Cato* he copies in his very Vices. *Cato*, when he offered himself

* I humbly take Leave to recommend to all my Fellow-Citizens the reading of *Plutarch*'s Life of *Cato* the Censor, and of *Cato* the Younger too, if they please

† What Notion I have of this Doctrine, I picked up in a Trip I took from this World to the next, in Company with a pleasant Fellow, one Henry Fielding, Esq;

himself as a Candidate for the highest Offices of the State, in an Age when all the Arts of Wheedling and Cajoling People for their Votes were practised in *Rome* with great Success and Applause, would not condescend to beg any body's Interest; he would scorn to go from House to House ¶ like a Tax-Gatherer; or give a Man a loving Squeeze by the Hand, that he had never taken Notice of before, and would never know again, once his Turn was serv'd. All this, forsooth! was unconstitutional. He would have had Elections free and uninfluenc'd. He would have had People left entirely to themselves, till they came to a Poll, and there and then to give their Voices according to their Consciences, not caring who should be obliged or disobliged, though it were the greatest Man in *Rome*. And I do assure you, from very good Authority, the greatest Man in *Rome* in *Cato's* Days must have been almost as great a Man as the Right Honourable, our Lord Mayor. Nay, so incorrigibly hardy, unguarded, and impolitick was he, that he threaten'd beforehand to their very Teeth the Mightiest of his Fellow-Citizens, as Persons, whom (if he should be elected, particularly, into the Office of Censor) he would most certainly bring to a severe Account for their Misdeeds. I might tell you too, **he**

¶ This Simile I steal from Lucas, as Lucas filched it from his beloved Cato:

he had the Vanity and Insolence to point out his individual Self to his Country-men, as the likeliest Man among them to do the Business of the Publick effectually in that exalted Station. Now nothing will serve Mr. *Lucas* truly, but he must tread on the Heels of his Favourite Precedent in these very Particulars exceptionable, as they are. But let him mark the Winding up of his high, haughty, over-weening Demeanour, his Stuff of Patriotism, Publick Spirit, and Regard to the Constitution. The *Romans*, it is true, from an Opinion of *Cato's* superlative Worth and Abilities, were Block-heads great enough to chuse him in Spite of all his Sturdiness. But I much question, if People now a Days will be bullied into even their own Good. Mr. *Lucas* perhaps bids fairer for meeting with the Disappointment of *Cato* the Younger, the Censor's Great Grandson. He was such another precise virtuous rigid Rascal as the illustrious Boor, his Ancestor, and had (like him) too so high a Conceit of his own Merits and Services to the Common-Wealth, that he thought the People of *Rome* ought to give him a Magistracy, called the Prætorship, (or any Thing) without his vouchsafing to go about and solicit for it. But, by your Leave, the Romans of these Days, knowing better what Respect was due to them, as Electors, than their Fore-fathers had done, bit my Gentleman (I honour their Memory for it,) and set up his more complaisant Competitor, who was as much his Inferior in every truly valuable

luable Accomplishment, as he outstripped him in the useful Science of Popularity. To apply this to ourselves. Our Elections do not return so often upon us, but that we may reasonably expect to be courted a little once in seven Years. And I am clearly of Opinion, we should still expect and insist on it, and expect and insist on it we will and shall and do. And let *Lucas's* Friends tell him so. If we should but elect a Man or two, who had not thought it worth their while to trouble their Heads about us, future Candidates might plead Prescription against us, and so for good and all cut us out of a Tribute, so soothing to our Vanity, though it were not at any Time otherwise lucrative to us.

THERE remains yet one Secret, which at first I intended keeping to myself. But on second Thoughts I imagine I ought to trust my Brethren with any Thing. In short I have had this Affair so much at Heart that I no less than went to the Devil about it. Do not be frighten'd. I only mean I had Recourse to an Eminent Conjuror, whose Hand I crossed with a large Piece of Silver, that he might raise up the Dean for me, in order to my consulting him on this so critical an Emergency. To Work *Simon Magus* goes, draws his Circles, Semi-Circles, Tangents, &c. and as soon as he had thrice three Times conn'd over his Pater-Noster backwards, uttering every now and then some other uncouth unintelligible Sounds; up rises the Dean, as if it were through a Trap-Door in the Earth. What Pickle, think ye, was I in at this Time? It ye

had been within the Sphere of my Activity, your Nostrils would have inform'd you of something I forbear to name. But my Teeth were shut so quite close, that a Case-Knife would hardly have parted them. *Well Fellow*, says the Dean, in an hollow Tone and with an awful Knit of the Brow, *I know your Errand. Lucas is your Man, unless ye are fit Inhabitants for the House my Executors are about to build. Were I at this Day among you, ye should have a second Course of the Drapier's Letters; and Lucas I would set up, as sure as ever I knocked down Wood.* Having said this, he dived by the same invisible Wicket, at which he had ascended. Do not offer to say that this Story is absolutely incredible, as ye would not incur the Imputation of Infidelity. But really I do not like Mr. *Lucas* a bit the better for the Dean's Approbation. The Dean always loved to be a Thorn in the Government's Side, and there is good Reason to suspect, he would not recommend *Lucas* now, if he did not at least take him to be a Man of the same Kidney. Whereas, Right or Wrong, I would approve of a good deal of Complaisance to an Establishment of our own chusing.

YOURS,

W. R.

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same Kindness. I am, Sir, your Friend or Friend, I
could approve of a good deal of Complaisance
to an Establishment of our own Church.

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YOURS,

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